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# THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

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#### From Harper's Monthly for October. THE QUAKER WIDOW. BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benound the lilacs and through the apple-

I think he loved the Spring : not that he cared for ring (it happened so) our children entered

Picked out to bear the heavy cross - alone in age -than

day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet content

Co.

0000

"THE AMERICAN."

And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're gone, all three!

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes bust.

His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for his rest; And that he halved our little flock was merciful, I see: For Benjamin has two in beaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Enselius never cared to farm—'twas not his call, in truth, and I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Buth.

Thee'll may her ways are not like mine—young people townsdays.

Have fallen andly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongree,
The chaerful, kindly nature we loved when she was poung;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too

and revealed histories which will shake the world. The prisons of 1800 were the same as those of 1781, in which Howard has seen \$40 sick persons heaped up to breathe in the bottom of a court, which resembles the bottom of a well. The walls of the building were so high, wrote Howard, that one would have said they were constructed to intercept the air. There were infected and obscure chambers, in which the prisoners it led maked to support the heat! There are few or no amelicorations since the last century. In 1834 a superintendent named Sancio, in an official report, confessed that the prisoners of Procida, isolated from the world and deprived of everything, periabed, for the most part, by consumption and phthisic. In short, the segrete or criminal horrible cells, sepuichres of the living, built by Ferdinand II. at his succession to the throne, existed until within a few days. An ordinance of the 9th of July, 1800, shut them out forever.

In these cells, hunger, cold, the most odious treatment, even toriure, sacrificed not only the condemned, not only the accused, but the simply suspected, those whom the vaguest denunciations had delivered to the police. They questioned them, not only to wring confessions from them, but even to know whether they had any confessions to make. They caused them to confess, by means of tortures, in order to lighten a simple doubt; and these facts do not date five centuries back, but from the last month. They were already known, but people were silent in regard to them, for want of proof. To-day

The remained there forty-free days. He was then stopped with the present of the vertical or the new prisons of Rums, and pulse to the new prisons of Rums, and pulse of the new prisons of Rums, and pulse of the second council, one of the second council of the vertical or the pulse in the second council or th

O brothers! blest by partial Fate
With power to match the will and deed,
To him your summons comes too late,
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,

Mr. Reade does not mention these incidents as novel; for they are well known. In 1845 Paris was startled with full particulars, in a pamphlet called 'Le Maison Alexandre Dumas et Campagnie,' and also in Mr. Al-phones Karr's pamphlet 'Sur le Mercantelisme Litté-

raire.'
They were subsequently related, in a stinging biography of Dumas, in 'Les Contemporains' of Eugène de Mirecourt, and, on looking, even now, into M. Vapereau's Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains, the sharge is repeated in the biographies of Maquet and of Dumas, and the names are given of twelve other writers (all of whom subsequently attained celebrity when writing on their own account), who helped him as Maquet did—that is, whose brains he made fame and gold out of, as he did out of. August Maquet. ut of, as he did out of Auguste Maquet.

out of, as he did out of Auguste Maquet.

The notoriety of Duman's want of honesty, in literary labor, made us credit the story of his having boldly stolen the whole of an American Life of Garibaldi, and sold his translated theft to an American publisher, and we are pleased to find our course justified and 'endorsed' by our English contemporary, the Critic.

THE 'SATURDAY PRESS,' AND COLORED WAITERS AND SLAVE WORSHIP.

The embestion montains also a reports, in 1826, from and this montain or according of the productive part of the productive part of the productive part of the productive part of the surface of the surface of the productive part of the surface of the surface of the productive part of the surface of the surface of the productive part of the surface The SATURDAY PRESS, which has a slash at eve

what show of consistency is not manifest, upon the World newspaper, because asid paper attacked intemperance, prostitution, etc., in their lighter, and omitted to make an onset on them in their weightier forma. It would have the World newspaper—aye, and the press generally—rebuke sin in high places—in Wall and Nassau streets as well as in Mercer and on the Five Points. It would have these reformers and reforms begin and cut away at the very root of the evil—
to all of which we say amen, and amen. But how is
it that the Passa is at the same moment giving as tother at the corner of Broadway and Chambers
and comfort to the slaveholder, and doing what in it
lies, to fasten the bonds on men, women, and children,
or at least salaver over the accursed deed? Or is this
American slavery not one of the evils to be rooted up,
and requiring the aid of The New York Savundar
Passa? Does it not fall under its terrible axe? No,

Emay on Taste. This celebrated work is by Sir Archibegin and cut away at the very root of the evil-Passe? Does it not fall under its terrible axe? No, no. How is this?—who can explain? Its arm is up-

lifted to slay, not slavery, but anti-slavery.

Its first best efforts to nudge itself into the pro-slav ery ranks (it is hard work now, the world knows, its minions stand so thick and solid), was an elaborate and, of course, favorable review of a mean, low, dull, and, of course, tavorable review of a mean, low, dui, senseless novel, entitled 'The Ebony Idol,' pub-lished, of course, by the Appletons. It says: "'The Ebony Idol' means the negro, and is thus the very fe-licitous title of a story in which a negro is the central figure. It is the design of this story to ridicule the Abolition movement in the North, and especially to re-buke those elergymen who introduce politics into the pulpit, and delectate their flocks with anti-slavery

O. the Pages! the Pages!—the SATURDAY Pages, we O, the Prime! the Prime:—the Savenar raim, mean. And yet, on another occasion, this same Savenar Prime. The Prime has culminated in a crusade against the gamblers."
What, we would inquire, has not also the SATURDAY Pages had its shy at; and now its virtue has also culminated in a crusade against colored people and Aboli-

tionists and recoom.

The Pams further says: "Not the gamblers in stocks, or in merchandles, or in news, or in religion, or even in penny-papers, but the gamblers sometime called, by the way of elegant variety, black-legs. These attacked not only with impunity, but with And we would say to the SATURDAY PRESS, so can the Abolitionists and the poor helpless slaves, and colored people generally, be attacked not only with im-counity but with eclat. But it further says, in its red of the World: " Mayor Tiemann made quite a primand of the World: "Mayor Tremann made quite a reputation in attacking them; in fact, they and the street-walkers were his chief stock in trade, and the way he ground them into paint, and whitened the City Hall sepulchre with them, showed as much skill as his shrewdest speculation in putty." And the advocacy of slavery, we conclude, is the 'putty' the SATURDAY rewdly intends to make a good speculation

But hear its virtuous strictures on the World and But hear its virtuous and place them beside its toady-ism to the god of American slavery: "In fact, if a man wants to build up a reputation for morality (and make money out of it), he cannot do better at any time than come out against either the gamblers or time than come out against some in whereas if he happens to come out against some sin which is practised by nearly the whole community—some system of political or commercial cheating, for example—it is almost certain that he will get more kicks than at in the low-backed car, and Poor old horse, let him die. Mr. Law's favorite song is Boker's 'Ferry was over the ferry.' —it is almost certain that he will get more kicks than coppers for it, and at best carn the credit of being a grumbler. We don't know that we ought to complain of the World, therefore, since by its little cheap com-monplaces against notorious social evils, it is gradually

"But," says this disinterested, this fair and candid, this independent, this outspoken, this plain and hon-est paper, "we are inclined to think that this story" (that is, 'The Ebony Idol'), this intended ridicule of the Abolition movement, this rebuke of clergymen, will exercise a beneficial influence among thoughtfull "readers, in so far as it is calculated to curb that blind and the courts are the contraction of the court of the court of the and reckless party-spirit upon which, to a great extent, the anti-slavery crussels is founded." The journals that bow down to the Belial of American slavery are many and powerful, and who shall say, after this, that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS shall not take rank among

# [From Vanity Fair.]

# PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

Our first article on Dr. Wynne's elegant but inac rate volume having made a sensation among the Liter ati of New York, we resume the theme in our presen

The science of Bibliography, to which we and Dr.
Wynne are devoted, is new in this country, only dating back to the introduction of gas; but it has flour-ished time out of mind in the Old World, especially the Rev. Thomas Dibdin—'Poor Tom,' Shakspeare calls him—the author of 'All in the Downs' (a gay ballad), 'The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea' (written for a singer named Barry, a native of Cornwall's and other sailor-songs too numerous to mention, except to the marines! He was brought up to the Law, sindythe mannes! He was prought up to the Law, study-ing in the office of Mr. Montague, the horsend of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the correspondent of Pope, and the inventor of vaccination. Mr. Montague was a writer of some note in the last century, the author of a poem entitled 'The Pot of Basil,' frequently printed in the works of Keats and Boccacio. celebrity which this poem conferred upon him d him to be called Basil Montague, as the curious reader may see for himself, in any Biographical Dic-tionary. From this gentleman young Dibdin derived

Heber was another famous bibliopole; he was the lahop of Calcutta, and wrote the beautiful sacred Palestine, commencing, 'Jordan is a hard road to travel.'

It is to him that we owe the hymn, ' From Greenland's sunny for

emble in his gaiters

We spoke in our last of several prominent collector whose libraries are not even alluded to by Dr. Wyan We shall now refresh his memory with one or more, well known to fame, if not to him. First on our list is Delmonico, everybody's Delm

First on our list is Delmonico, everybody's Delmonico.

This gentleman has two libraries, one at the corner of South William street and Exchange Place, the Emay on Taste. This celebrated work is by Sir Archi-bald Allison, author of the history of Europe, from the commencement of the Revolution (American!) to the restoration of the Bourbons. His mother was a sweet-heart of the poet Burns, who wrote a song in her praise, Bonny Peggy Allison."

Mr. Delmonico has a copy of Pease on the Five Foints Mission. [Nota Bene: This work is bound up with the Essays of Ella, and lettered 'Lamb and Pease.'] He has also the best editions of the following volumes: Cook's Work, with a Table and Plates. The History of the Sandwich Tongue. Tarts: by a Tartar. Pate de fois gras: by a Good Liver (Portrait of Patti) Bacon de fois gras: by a Good Liver (Portrait of Patti) Bacon (uncut). Claret and Olives. A cut of Front de Bœuf (rare). The Apparition of Mrs. Veal (full calf). The Dessert. The old romance of Sir Loin (very rare). The unique Provengal romannt, Maitre d'hotel: Pome (DeTerre). Carver's Travels. Butler's Analogy. Sauce: By Ann Chovie (piquant). Jellaby on Jellies, a current work. Partridge's Almanac. Lettuce Arnold. Salad for the Solitary [This copy formerly belonged to Saladin who was no chicken]. Crash's Spronymes. to Saladin, who was no chicken]. Crabb's Synonymes. Revenons a nos Moutons (nice); and High Bred: By a Master of the Bolls.

The next collector on our list is Jacob Little, Esq., the well-known financier. [Mr. Little, we may remark, en passant, is a son of the poet Little, an early friend of Thomas Moore.] His collection is not a friend of Thomas moore.] rus consection is not a large one, but many of his volumes are curious, and exceedingly scarce. Among these are the following contributions to Natural History,—The History of contributions to Natural History,—The History of
Bears: By Major Ursa. Bears and their Leaders, a
posthumous work of Old Adams. Miss Edgeworth's
Irish Bulls, and a complete file of John Bull (Horne's
set). He has an unique copy of Brummell on Stocks.
Also, the Proper Diet for Horses, with a dissertation on
Shorts. Long and Short on Time. Merchants on
Change. Barber on Shaving (notes). Burdett's Shorts. Long and Short on Time. Merchants on Two per cent. a-Month. Bills on Protest. Baxter's Call. Flyer on the Kite (good paper). Skinner's Interest Tables. Remarks on Falling Dew (Mr. Little's notes.) The Advantages of Reading (wide

The Library of George Law was purchased, we understand, at contract. It has nothing worthy of remark, except the following volumes,—Story on Precedents (with portraits of several disappointed candidates, among others, that of Mr. Law himself). Hawks on the Quarry. The works of Bridges (Sir Egerton f). The Bridge of Sighs (with a sketch of the High Bridge at Harlem). Bubble and Squeak, the gift of Mr. Law's father, John Law, the author of the Mississippi Bubble. The Works of Hook. The Plays of Steele, etc.
Mr. Law has two or three MSS curiosities, such as the

coppers for it, and at best carn the credit of being a grumbler. We don't know that we ought to complain of the World, therefore, since by its little cheap commonplaces against notorious social evils, it is gradually getting a name for being quite a grand and godly concern." And so, too, the Pauss by its pretentions in favor of slavery and against the friends of the oppressed, will gradually get a name for being quite a grand and godly concern.

It concludes its review of 'The Ebony Idol,' the silly book it selects by which to make its entree into the pro-slavery ranks, by modestly saying, "It has no special interest to discuss the subject." Certainly not. "How could it have any?"

But," says this disinterested, this fair and candid, this independent, this outspoken, this plain and hontle, is known by his translation or the rable into the Indian tongue; Clarke by his bulky Commentary, and his Travels in the West with Lewis; and Spuytentuy-

fel, by a spicy work on Mace. But to Mr. Comen's books : His collection, Dr. Wynn But to Mr. Cossen's books: His collection, Dr. Wynne informs us, is rich in treatises on wines, and works relating to the war in Columbia. He mentions some of the latter, but omits the most important—Barlow's Columbiad, and the famous patriotic song, 'Hall Columbiad,' Of the former, vis: the treatise on wines—he gives no specimens—a deficiency in his volume, which we propose to remedy. Here are a few of Mr. Cossen's varieties; Longworth's Dictionary of Wines. Headsick on Sham Pains. The History of Djinns, including the Cotton Gin, and London Club House. Hincilies ing the Cotton Gin, and London Club House. Hincilis Lacryms (Christy's copy). A Winter in Madeira, Dix. (The early productions of this author, who is our preswish we could say the same of his late efforts!) The wish we could say the same of his late efforts!) The History of London Docks (port). Laftte, or the Pi-rate of the Gulf. Genealogy of the Bourbons, particu-larly Bourbon Whiskey. Popular Antiquities. Brands. (There are many brands, we forget how many, having lent our Allibone—but Mr. Cousens, we are sure, has the choicest!) The Case of Catawba (sparkling). The

number of curious seals, particularly the Green Seal of Clicquot, which he values highly. He has also a rare cabinet, of which we shall say nothing. (Mumm's the word!) Besides this he owns that (according to Dibdin) never-enough-to-be coveted treasure of a great collec-

tor—a press of his own (The Wine Press)

A few titles from his miscellaneous or

A few titles from his miscellaneous collection, and we have done to-day:

Northern Antiquities, Mallett (Cooper's copy). Carpenter's Works (boards). Junkin on the Oath (Demi-octavo). Martin Gale on Horses. Hurd's Works (Deaf Burk's copy). Chancer's Plug. Combe on the Head. Tartar on the Teeth. Hood on Hawks and Monks. Pickings of Fat Offices. The Gallic Cock (Fawcette's copy). Tenderlines by a Butcher. Smith on Forgery. The Sharp Blade, Hose. Mother Cary's Chickens (with portraits of Alics and Phosbe). Phosnix on Ashes. Noyes on the Still (with a portrait of the anthor, Dr. J. G. Noyes, ci-devant editor of the Knischroleshr, now emphasically on the still!). Screws in Cork (Drawings). Fish on Net Profits. The Rod of Aaron, Birch. The Spouter's Friend, Simpson. Taylor's Suits (hot pressed).

P. S.—If sufficient encouragement shall be given, this series of articles will be continued ad nanseam, ad infinitum, and afterwards collected into a volume, like Dr. Wynne's. It will be entitled. 'The Very Private Libraries of New York.'

Subscriptions received (invariably in advence) at the office of Variety Pair.

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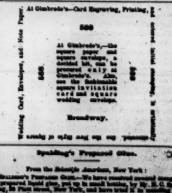
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# The Saturday Bress But Jist. The N. V. Saturday Bress.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

EVERETT'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON

The volume presents a curious specimen of cheasecention. It has an elegant portrait of Mr. Everett a facelinalle of that gestleman's autograph, an Index

& Lincoln, of Box

The Freduce informs us that at the time this Life of sabington was written, the author was 'not favora-situated for cheerful mental effort.' We are con-sized to think that, in saying this, Mr. Everett does menti injustion. There could be no more 'cheerful intal effort,' than the Biography be has produced. is difficult indeed to see how it could well be other-se-considering that no man's 'mental efforts' are a certain sense more 'cheerful' than those of Mr. serett. Like the tea that Cowper sung, and Mrs. lay Gamp extensively imbibed, they are always cal-lated—which is a great mercy—sather to cheer than

Of course Mr. Everett acknowledges obligations to Messes. Marshall, Sparks, and Irving. Their 'great sational works,' he says, contain 'everything of im-portance authentically known of the life and career of Washington.' To Marshall, no tribute of respect can be ever paid in wain. But to Sparks and Irving—well, sational works, 'he says, contain 'everything of importance suthemitically known of the life and career of Washington.' To Marshall, no tribute of respect can be ever paid in vain. But to Sparks and Irving—well, once in a way, facetiousness is becoming, even in the most respectable persons! Mr. Everett adds, however, that 'diligent research among official papers and private letters, will no doubt throw further light on maters of detail, especially as far as his domestic life is concerned.' In this latter opinion we heartily concur. Indeed, it is proper to say that, had Washington's official papers and private letters escaped the fostering care of the Reverend Jared Sparks, and others of his kind, perhaps the world might now have had a truer kind, perhaps the world might now have had a truer conception of the great patriot, and Mr. Sparks might

conception of size green processing the enjoyment of a less peculiar renown.

The story of Washington's Life cannot be too often remained to his countrymen. Mr. Everett has told it repeated to his countrymen. Mr. Everett has told it simply, with unexpected and commendable precision of style. He is fortunately less garrulous than usual; and, to a considerable extent at least, the memoir is free from those blemishes of had taste and commonplace twaddle which ordinarily characterize his produc-tions. Considering the purpose for which it was writ-ten, there is little fault that can reasonably be found with the narrative. It is accurate enough, so far as it goes; it is sufficiently comprehensive; it is interesting; and it is brief. It may not be calculated to excite enand it is brief. It may not be calculated to excite en-thusiasm,—the works of Mr. Everett seldom agitate the nerves; but it certainly is to be read with a senti-ment of quiet and resigned satisfaction. Here, how-ever, our enthusiasm pauses. As a piece of character-ization, the memoir fails utterly. For the ideal Wash-ington of Mr. Everett's fancy, we have neither approval

Mr. Everett has several times depicted the 'Character of Washington.' In the present instance, his portrait is identical with that which he has already made so familiar throughout the Republic. That it is almost entirely an ideal, and in some respects an impossible character, few persons familiar with the subject will undertake seriously to deny. That it does signal injustice to the memory of Washington, there is grave beauton to belive. In the commission of this injustice, between, Mr. Everett is not alone. There are other tiographers equally wise and respectable. The work gass bravely on; and the splendid character of Washington, solled and obscured with the shining waters of sulogy, still pleads for justice with a posterity of worshippers.

It is at once curious and amusing to contrast the Washington of the blographies with the Washington of real life. With the former we are all painfully familiar. The blographers are not chary of their moral hero. They have told his story often, and their unanimity is charming to contemplate. Like the facetious hero. They have told his story often, and their una-nimity is charming to contemplate. Like the facetious tutor in Tom Jones, they believe in the eternal 'fitness of things,' and their idea of fitness is a pompous nul-lity. We are assured that Washington was a good son and a model boy; that although he did cut trees with his hatchet, he could never tell a lie; that he had an early reputation for veracity and justice, and saw the Sunday School to an immense extent; that he was up-than 11 the reconstruction and had the commandments Sunday School to an immense extent; that he was up in all the moral virtues, and had the commandments printed on his best pocket-handkerchief; that he was prudent, punctual, self-possessed and proper, and likh't trip up even on the course of true love; that he uma modest, patient, wise, self-sacrificing, and had a large fortune; that he displayed expansive capacity, percent of the country of the cou entry; that he was an embodiment of unselfish patriot-ism and public integrity; that he was in fine, as his "Landstor ' has expressed it, 'the Greatest of Good men and the Best of Great men.' All which is partly true and very well, but all which is so put by the bio-

true and very well, but all which is so put by the biographers as to make us infer that Washington was a militarp in youth, a machine in manhood, and a respectable old fogy in age. And this we respectfully substit is doing signal injustice to his memory.

It is strange, when the man was so much truer and mobiler, that these good people will persist in thrusting when us their frigid and monumental ideal. The real man is always a thousand times better than the gibbel edigy. It is not the marble Weshington that we trank. Had he indeed been the respectable goody per mayed by the biographers, his deeds would never have become renowned in the history of nations—his chanicter would never have peen as commonplace as Mr. Evenett himself, and we cannot conceive of anything mach tamer. Fortunately however, the biographers cannot have it all their own way. They may distort that and tumer with correspondence: there she world. He would have been as commonplace as Hr. Evenueth himself, and we cannot conceive of anything mank himser. Fortunately however, the bidgedient season have it all their own way. They may dishert facts and temper with correspondence; they may with thewards and gild; they may paint and pricty; they may give us a moral abstraction instead of a man, and set up a golden calf in their own hunge and summonation;—but the treth of history remains, and the name of Washington is illustrious for own. A present, analotious, passionate man; imputative; pretime; analyticus of power and of remover; human; full of finals and weaknesses; having vices as will see which the windows are placed. The central figure, leaving, markets are an all to green; a statement of a tender lover and a kind husband; a hunger Washington, and as such he triumphed. Not allow the could be have wen that first place in the hard of his countryman, where always the memory of the windows would be have wen that first place in the hard of his countryman, where always the memory of the windows would be considered aimply and the shade of a based in the bellef well-denace over with the longraphers. There is a country of the paltry canves of Trumbing and the shade markle of Greencough. We can togetive the paltry canves of Trumbing and the shade markle of Greencough. We can togetive the paltry canves of Trumbing and the shade markle of Greencough. We can be a season that the bellef well-denace over with the bidgraphers. There is a cancellation in the bellef well-denaced and retained the amount of the former of the season of a greater opportunity. The notance of the season of the season of a greater opportunity. The column of the season of a greater opportunity. The column of the season of a greater opportunity. The column of the season of the paltry country to the season of a greater opportunity. The column of the season of the s

edate resolution, and that longital reliance on Sep or which belonged to his many

Mr. or Rev. Churles John Wessner, V.D. Minister Ooct. Logomed. Ulripse, Prof. Lts., Acad. Logostris the learned gentleman signs bisself in this facellos style), has written for the Saturday Messing Review, occass sheet published out West, in Chicago, when

of Christianity.'

The main object of the article as The main object of the article seems to be a disinter-ceted desire upon the part of Mr. Charles John Wosmer, etc., etc., to induce those who have not yet done so, to subscribe either in opinion, or in the more useful and tangible form of money, to the 'Logical Intermediate Church Treatise of Union: proving the Harmony be-tween the Rible, the Apostolic Creed, Mature, and our Beason;' "which treatise," mays the author, "Is dedi-cated to the friends of Union among all Christian receils with these shiets."

cated to the friends of Union among all Christian people, with three plates."

These plates are not, as might be supposed by the light-minded, the usual prandial appliances in common use among us, but things of far higher spiritual import, and belonging not to the 'friends of union,' but to the Treatise in question, and to be illustrative of the following subjects: "No. 1 representing the Lord God and his Kingdom; No. 2 enlightening the History of Creation; and No. 3 proposing the Book of Revelation as a Watch of Christianity."

Each subscriber to this Treatise, will for his money.

Each subscriber to this Treatise, will for his money, obtain not only these plates, when published, but gain the further advantage of being "considered as a mem-ber of the Union, of whatsoever denomination he may

own cenominations, but to be in them and speak for Union, namely in internal sense, or that we shall seek to be of one mind again."

The importance and necessity of Joining this Union, is movingly set forth as follows: "We see with affliction

is movingly set forth as follows: "We see with amiction how we have been separated more and more, and how of course the atheistic beast with every day will increase. It is time to cut him, and if we do not, this beast will devour us altogether"—apparently without waiting even for the plates to do it in.

This matter seems silly enough as urged by Mr. Charles John Wosmer, etc., etc., but is really no more absurd and impracticable than many of the schemes proposed by the would-be religious and moral reformers, who generally start upon the theory that human nature is a very wicked thing, and that all natural in-

stincts tend naturally to evil.

It is never by doing justly, by loving mercy, and by walking humbly before God, that these religious and warking numbly before God, that these reinjous and moral reformers propose to benefit the world, but by banding together, by glorifying each other, by wearing broad phalactaries, by roundly abusing those who will not join with them, and by a pharistical seclusion of selves from the world

themselves from the world.

Somehow or other, so inherent is the force of Nature in mankind, that men and women in the main, still continue to be men and women, obstinately refusing to become the unnatural ascetics and hermits that

perhaps the few lugubrious characters, could the earth of pollution.

Such a total destruction is a favorite the

prophecy by these persons, and yet apparently the world moves on, men and women remain men and women, and as by accumulated experience we become wiser, we learn to give less and less attention to the warnings and grownings of our broad-driven and grownings. wher, we learn to give less and less attention to the warnings and groanings of our lugubrious advisers, and by the exercise of our common-sense, learning that for all of our evils we can blame only our own stupidity and neglect of natural laws, we free ourselves from the dominion of superstition, the fertile source of lasy inaction, and find that the car of progress is more easily helped out of the alough of misery by resolutely putting our aboulders to the wheel than by listening to the teachers of passive resignation.

The weekl was the a present along the last of the first bath.

The world may be a very sad place to live in, but he who finds nothing but sin and wickedness in it, affords but another instance of the truth in the old adage : Similia similibus.

Life may be a melancholy nec

hearta, less prone to interfere with each other's person-al freedom, and more aware of each man's personal re-sponsibility.

For this progress no credit belongs to the lugubrious

class in the community, who are constantly predicting our speedy destruction, and proposing Utopian schemes for the destruction of sundry spiritual beasts which never had an existence elsewhere than in their own never nad an existence cuswindre than in their own ascetic imaginations. There is enough yet to do be-fore the world becomes perfect, and to further that end, the best way is to give free scope to the development of human nature, such as it was wisely created.

# NEW INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS.

Mr. W. H. Derby is erecting on Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston streets, a permanent Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, to be called the 'Institute of Fine Arta.' The building excites much attention from the fact, that the architect, Mr. Hamilton, departing from the usual monotonous mode of architectural decoration, has called in the aid of real sculpture for the organization of the front—an example which, if fol-

walls of the Gallery with

but Mr. Derby's agent, Mr. Prodpham, who has for some time past-been negotiating with the artists of England and the Continent, is expected shortly; and from his known experience in Art-matters, will doubt-less come prepared with a collection sufficient to gratify the expectations of the public. The entire cost of the building alone will not fall far abort of 200,000, and it ed by Messrs. Küner & Sexton, of this city

### A WORDY WAR

The 'retort courteous and the lie direct' war between the Reverend Editors of the Endpendent, and the Rev. Dr. Hallock, the 'venerable' Secretary of the Tract Sectety, is still raging with all the accustomed virulence of theologic warfare.

The Reverend Editors of the Charver have gallantly through the property of the Charver have gallantly through the property of the Charver have gallantly through the content of the field, and with the general

thrown themselves into the fight, and with the gen-

thrown themselves into the fight, and with the generous instincts of all devoted lovers of a scrimmage, have enrolled themselves upon the weaker side of the contest, we mean upon the Rev. Dr. Hallock's side.

The Bev. Dr. Hallock declares emphatically that the statements made by the Indynesiest are 'unqualifiedly and absolutely false.' The Reverend Editors of the Observer cry out 'bravo' to the Rev. Dr. Hallock, and say that the Reverend Editors of the Indigensiest knew the charges were false when they made them.

To this the Reverend Editors of the Indigensiest reply, by quoting two written statements made by the

ply, by quoting two written statements made by the Rev. Dr. Hallock, in 1843 and 1860, which contradict Rev. Dr. Hallock, in less and loos, washer constants each other, and remark upon this singular coinci-dence that they will not apply the Rev. Dr. Hallock's charge against himself, but will only say that the Doctor has 'flatly contradicted himself.'

Such is the position of this peaceful dispute at present. As far as can be seen the principals in it have put the outsiders in a most painful and embarrassing put the outsiders in a most painful and embarrassing position. For to believe either party truthful is to believe the other party false, while to believe both parties truthful would be to convict both parties as guilty of intentional deceit; and how can the irreverend laical mind entertain such a conviction and pro

erve its sanity.

Altogether it is a very ugly matter as it stands, and we are afraid we will have to let it drop; resolving not to look into it again before next week, when the Independent promises to give the world an exposure of urther contradictions from the Rev. Dr. Hallock, the cretary of the Tract Society. In the mesowerer, we would suggest that it would not b for all of the principals to read their Watts, particu

" Birds in their little nests agree," etc

### BOOK SALE.

Mesurs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., advertise, for the 26th and 27th of September, the sale of a collection of

still continue to be men and women, obstinately refusing to become the unnatural accetics and hermits that
the reformers wish them to be.

It is now some four thousand years or more, that
human nature has been persistently represented by
various classes of persons partaking more or less of
Mr. Wossner's lagularious cast of mind, as on the broad
road to destruction, and rapidly approaching such a
general and fearful condition of wickedness that nothing but a total destruction of all men, excepting
perhaps the few lugubrious characters, could purge
the earth of pollution. the world has ever seen.

In the second number of the SATURDAY Paus, we printed an article upon Bentley's edition of Milton, in which will be found some of his most striking e

regretions.

This collection contains also a copy of Warton's edition of Militon's minor poems, a book which Leigh Hunt considered the perfection of bookmaking, and which is really a striking contrast with Bentley's, as serving to show the real office of an edit-or as an illustrator of his author's text.

or as an illustrator or his author's rexx.

The collection contains also the whole of Militon's dispute with Salmasius in the original editions; a series of pocket volumes, whose well worn appearance is suggestive of the influence this dispute exercised over the men of the time, and some of the fruits of which we enjoy in this country, in our freedom from kingly and priestly rule.

ing, among others a huge and ponderous folio, entitled Gregorii Moralia in Job, a learned work, with illuminated capitals, and which, in all human probability, no one has ever read through since the author composed it, and the press reader corrected the proofs, when it was printed circa 1470. There is also a copy of seven books of Josephus, printed by Pannarts in 1475, and samples from the presses of Aldus, Stephanus, Plantin, Elsevir, Baskerville, Whittingham, Renouard, Bensley, Isaah Thomas, The Chiswick Press, The Lee Priory Press, Strawberry Hill, and The River

There are copies of Justice's edition of Virgil, a book printed entirely from engraved plates, and the same author, in a small volume published by Didot in the VIth year of the Republic, which the publisher claims to be the first work ever stereotyped.

In poetry there is, among other noticeable lots, the two small volumes of Lyrical Ballads, by Wordsworth, in 1800; and the small volume of poems by S. T. Coleridge and Lamb, published by Cottle, in 1797. The Pirst edition of Keats' Endymion, in 1818. Sir Edmund Spenser, in the small folio of 1811, and the poems of Phillis Wheatley, a negress of Bosion, published in

London in 1778. In fiction we notice, among others, the First edition of Tom Jones, in aix volumes; the First edition of Amelia, in four volumes; the First edition of Sir Charles Grandison, in six volumes; the First edition of Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, in three volumes; Hanlett's Shelley's Frankenstein, in three volumes; Haabett's eingular mixture of fact and imaginative fiction, 'The Liber Amoria, or new Pygmalion,' which the author's subsequent endeavors to suppress has made very scarce, and the First edition of 'The Citizen of the World.'

and the First edition of 'Intelligen or the worsa. The collection also contains two copies of that sin-gular work, the Anatomie of Melancholy, one in folio-with the engraved title—the form in which this work was so dear to Charles Lamb—dated 1860; and the First edition of the same in quarto, dated Oxford, 1821, copies of which are exceedingly source.

First edition of the same in quarto, dated Oxford, 1821, copies of which are exceedingly scarce.

In general literature, we notice the octave edition in 16 volumes, of Rayle's Dictionary, the 16 volumes of the Retrospective Review—a work made up of careful and accurate studies of old English literature—edited by the enthusiastic scholar, Sir Edgerton Brydges, Voltaire's 'Questiones sur L'Encyclopedie,' an edition' of 1771, and others for which we must refer to the collection itself, where in fact we would advise our readers to turn and examine for themselves.

ANOTHER TOO.

The saintly editor of the Christiss Wetchman and Refleter has, so to speak, "list on the liev. Dr. Huntington. It appears that that malous divine having 'intraded an argument for infant haptism upon a Union Convention," has had the unbinshing effrontery to publish the same in the form of an address. The enormity of this conduct is, of course, palpable; certainly so to the mintly editor. We are very corry for Dr. Huntington; sorry that he has fallen into such

moe; sorry that 'he is, as often, ambiguous crance.' It is a bad thing for a saint to be ambiguous. The Reflector suggests that 'the transac-tion admonishes Baptists that their work is not done.' It certainly is not, while Dr. Huntington remains in

### Bramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. Behold me this week, my dear General,

Listen!

I had intended to have a tilt with your friend Ponaner, and went to see him, last Monday, with a view
to note, for the hundredth time, his weak points, when
lo! by a piece of self-imposed cruelty unparalleled in
histrionic life, he gave us such a pathetic, beartbroken recital of Hamlet's famous advice to the players, that, upon my word, I was almost moved to tears.

Think of the Subscriber almost moved to tears!

But how could it have been otherwise, considering
what the French would call the 'situation'?

Imagine Forrest, of all men, saying to a company of

Imagine Forrest, of all men, saying to a company

"If you mouth it as many of our players do, I has as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." Or again :

"Do not saw the air too much with your hands,
"thus; but me all gently; for in the very torrent,
"tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that
"may give it smoothness. O! it offends noe to the
"soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear
"a passion to tatters, to very rags; to split the ears of
"the groundlings, which for the most part are capable
"of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.
"I would have such a fellow whipped, for o'er-doing
"Termagant. It out-Herods Herod; I pray you,
"avoid it."

And yet again : "Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! Your allowance, a resease a second control of colors, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others proise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well—they imitated humanity so

Why on earth Foraner didn't omit these passages— every word in which must have scorched his lips—I

cannot for the life o' me see.

He committed many other 'sins of omission' in course of the piece; but here, when, as a matter of get at the full meaning of the word so emphatical-bie, but imperative (for I insist that no man is called upon to satirise himself when it can possibly be avoidannot for the life o' me see.

He committed many other 'sins of omission' in upon to satirise himself when it can possibly be avoid-ed), he never dodged a word, but went through the whole terrible speech—terrible beyond expression, as applied to himself—with all the firmness and courage

Moreover, in less than five minutes he flung hatred and full defiance in the teeth of Hamlet, by going re-solutely back to his old business of splitting the ears of the groundlings, and doing it with as much perti-nacity and vim as ever 'Honest Old Abe' exhibited in

splitting rails.

And the groundlings, who, as Hamlet says, 'are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise,' were delighted, while the sensible people 'the censure of one of which must o'erweigh a whole theatre of others,' had to sit by, with stopped cars, and make the best of it.

After all, General, as a mere matter of business. For-

After all, General, as a mere matter of business, Forrest may be right.

I studied the house very carefully all through the
performance, and, so far as I could judge, the great mapority were against Haxnar and on the side of Forrest.

It is so in every other department of life. What
people want is noise.

It is of no use to say that you would have a fellow
whipped for o'er-doing Termagant, for the chances are
ten to one that he will be whipped if he don't over-do
it: and when Haxnar or anybody else talks of the
consure of one man o'erweighing a whole theatre of
siders, the obvious reply is that it is not the 'one,'
but 'the whole theatre of others' upon which the actor depends for support.

the whole theatre of others upon which the actor depends for support.

And, as just suggested, it is the same with
preachers, with authors, with artists, and with everyhody else who undertakes to cater for the public.

I think, General, that if you consult the editor of
the Savwanay Passe (of whom, from motives of deli-

cacy, I never care to speak, myself), he will tell you that it is the same, also, with the journalist, who, if he would make money (and if he would not, he is a mere impracticable enthusiast), must appeal not to the few wise men in the world, but to the vast multitude of

And the vast multitude of fools who fill our theatres, whether they reside in the metropolis or come from the various regions of Peoria (Wesobulga, Communipaw, Philadelphia, Wittequergangaum, Boston, Nomjamshillicook, Attakapas, Sekledobakus, Jersey, Moosehkemagunticook, etc.), are of course entitled to such though, as would seem to be the case—they prefer Forrest to Hamlet, and robustious periwig-pated fel-

Forrest to mamnet, and robustions perivig-pated islows, to real artists.

Still it is a hard thing to have to provide for such follows as, by the way, I notice my friend 'Personse' has found out; for having in one of his Feullistons in the Lander, alluded to Mrs. 'Thalla Wood,' he was peremptorily summoned by one of his new constituency to explain himself, which of course he straightway

Two questions in a breath. I will endeavor to sanewe then

I. Whether or not Mrs. John Wood intends to return to

America.

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America.

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A the most meany, and otay or being a their to be had.

The being in a mitigated way unleads orym to personn lite Mr.

Docessant, who as a return level to the most fore gain, but simply

wisten to reform and reconstruct the drama. So I should yet in

a a small recy to this question, I have be made to

I. Here weaks on former ground, "Why is she mentions called

Mrs. Thain freed?"

I politely declined, when he turned away in indigens.

The most of the state are of the historians, its O. B. Baccreting to the heat any

theological antibactly, the name of the historians, its O. B. Baccreting and universame. Its Rr. Rebelts and Miss Person; it be painteed

the Calforty and Rameshorg; the open singuin and John

Contex; and the maps players, both eminish and toggiess, ifthe A world J. Sections, I. Forerast, fine, Wood, and life, Laighties.

Thails was a yearsy woman of freely and approached presented and protection, but she drank more changings than Enceths the

cold position, but she drank more changings than Enceths the

solit, and an order of the historial protection, and subscreed from money of the one of the Purisa, went regularly or

to Finds. We were a man is shirt, and instruced from the line of the state of two thousand years are. But Protection of missions of the missions of the missions of the missions of the mission of th

the other day, with his usual capetit, respecting an unfavorable notice of General Morris, "It is a piece of "superogration (siz). The thing has been done over "and again a thermal times. But where's the use? "General Morris's songs are adapted to the tastes of the people, not only of this country, with its mean "standard of literary insis, but to those of England,"—a puff, by the way, for which the General capit to pay quite as much a line as if it were written in good English, which couldn't, of course, have been expected.

It only remains for the Corie to do the same service for Forzanz, and the Great Tragedian's defense, like the Great Pool's (and their questions to of the same order), will be accomplished in a manner at once chang, complete, and conclusive. Solah!

QUELQU'UN.

[For The New York Saturday Press.] MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

I found the ball-rooms and salons generally, in New York, crowded with young persons of both sense, with an almost imperceptible sprinkling of mammas; and it could not help thinking how different the sists of things in Europe, where every one would be filled with horror at the idea of allowing young women to attend balls, parties, etc., unaccompanied by their parents, or

horror at the idea of allowing young women to attend balls, parties, etc., unaccompanied by their parents, or by watchful chaperons.

And nevertheless the custom is in harmony with the primitive life of small societies and cities, and had its origin, in this country, in the simple, unaffected, sociable life of the colonies.

At a private ball in New York, I was once asked whether I ever now such spheador of dress in St. Potersburg. The question betrayed such simplicity—or ignorance—and was asked with such perfect compagure of countenance, that I was perplexed how to answer. I finally said that I had seen a great many jewels, diamonds, etc., in my life, but that I was unable to make comparance.

diamonds, etc., in my life, but that I was unable to make comparisons.

In another instance, my host took me all over his house, from cellar to garret, explained to me all its de-tails, and finally wound up by telling me what it all cost. I was much surprised at having such a state-ment made to me at a ball; but now I should think nothing of it.

nothing of it.

In yet another instance (this also among the Knick-erbockers), I went to a farewell-ball given in a Fifth avenue mansion, on the occasion of its having been sold to a banker. Judge of my amassement at the proprietor taking me aside, and telling me of the whole transaction, dwelling with great emphasis on the words, 'for cosh, sir! for cosh?' which he repeated

At all the balls and dancing-parties I attended, no-thing was heard of but the Polka, which at that time had hardly got a foot-hold in the aristocratic maions of

had hardly got a foot-hold in the aristocratic salons of Europe.

Occasionally only—and then somewhat abashed—the Polka showed her face; but not till the close of the evening, when the candles were nearly burned out.

Even the European bourgeoisie persecuted the unhappy and—as they thought her—dangerous syren: in fact, in 1844 the burgomasters of Liege banished her from all public entertainments.

But I was not more asionished at the universal presence of the Polka, than to find that waltsers generally whirled their partners from left to right, instead of from right to left, as in the salons of Europe—this reverse fashion prevailing campamong the Polkah, Bohemian, and Moravian peasantry, and in the suburbe of Vienna.

During the Winter of 1849-50, there arrived in New York, the first instalment of Magyars, who after heroically fighting against the Hapsbourgs and Russians, it became patriotic martyrs and exiles. The presence of the brave Uhiasy, Governor of Comorn, and his companions, created a great excitement in the city and all over the country. It revealed to me the nobler features in the character of my new compatriots. It was the first time in my life I had witnessed such an enthusiasm in the welfare of distant nations, such a spontaneous and general outburst of large masses of people—an outburst generously tumultaous, and yet perfectly orderly in all its manifestations.

For me it was the first evidence of how self-government generates noble and ennobling impulses.

I was corry, however, to see how easily this American enthusiasm for liberty and its martyrs could be abused; how false pretentions easily humbugged the

abused; how false pretentions easily humburged the generous-minded public to an extent impossible any where in Europe. Uhizay's band contained some— though very few—low and unheroic adventurers, who, however, were not Magyars. These excited the great-est noise, because the most admired, and got the most credit on account of their lies.

One evening, as alterary party, a sudden rush to one corner of the room attracted my attention. I asked a well-known literary man near me—and who was preparing to join the crowd—what all the commotion was

paring to join the crowd—what all the commotion was about.

"It is Frederika Bremer," he replied.

"And who is Frederika Bremer?" said I, astonished.

"You don't know Prederika Bremer?" he exclaimed, with evident contempt for my ignorance depicted in his face, "let me introduce you."

I politistly declined, when he turned away in indignation and diagnat. We often met each other, afterward, but he always kept haughtily aloof from ma.

When very young I had witnessed similar excitoments in European salons at the entrance of Walter Beott and Goethe; and afterwards of a Schlidsrmacher, a Hegel, a Schelling, an Arago; of the Humboldtz, of Thierry, of Victor Hugo, of Orrioli, Maniso Amegiio, Guerransi, Punchkina, and numerous other Hierary and acientific colabrities; but it was beyond my congrebension how Frederika Bresser could make all this stir in salons—'blue' and other—in New York and all

here : the power class than they do in Burey I considered this a

While riding in an omnibut, one day, a well-young woman reached out her hand to me in, a communding manner, but without a breath of or tion, or the least softening expression on he countenance. I understood the imperative

All this leaked way stamps to me.

European women, of all nations and classes, when
they ask or require a service, do so not only courseous
ly, but with a pleasant expression of face, and acknow
ledge the service in the same spirit. From the quan
on the throne to the humblest peasant-girl this is in

on the throne to the humblest peasant-girl that is invariably the case.

I had often read and heard that every woman in
America was a lady. I had seen in the shop-windows
'A Lady Wanted.' All this is well; but a woman thus
become a lady ought to preserve her womanhood;
that is, to remain the name soft and graceful being
which Nature insteaded.

I met with several adventures similar to the above.

While when to a moraling-recording in Boston, I may

I met with several adventures similar to the above. While going to a morning-reception in Boston, I saw a carriage stop before the house, and a 'lady' descand-from it. As it was raining violently I respectfully profiered my umbrella. The 'lady' pushed it saide with the air and manner of an offseeded, outraged,—but I had better not use any comparisons.

At another time, when travelling by rall through Virginia, a lady and her daughter entered the cars. It was night. I had a supportable corner-seat, and having already travelled thirty-six hours, was very tired and sleepy. Madam stood before me, imperiously waiting for me to move.

"Will you give up your seat to us, sir?"

"Will you give up your seat to us, sir?"
(There were other seats in the car.)
Bilently, I bowed a 'No.'

"You are not a gent

"I am not, madam, only a wearied traveller."
At the next station, a colored woman with an infanicame in. She made no fuss, and I promptly gave her

came in. She made no rum, and a promptly gave no up my seat.
The old-fashioned (called by some aristocratic) rule, strongly enforced on our minds by our mothers, was:
Be politie to a woman whether she wear a crown or-dress in rags '(in Europe, we know nothing about prejudice against color), 'and deal with all kinds of men, kings included, as you like.' The idea being that men can arrange their own matters of behavior

I religiously observe my mother's teaching toward

Chees Column

The New York Saturday Press Correction 23, 1909.

PROBLEM No. 41. By S. LOTD, of New York.



1. Ral-gl. 2. Ei g5-bi. S. 1, Black playing as b

Particular property of the particular property o

Assurance and the Chap-Ribles of the Sa Assurance and the Chap-Ribles of the Sa As you may imagis

If Electronian, for August 18th, gives as a robus, a picture of a Chees-board upon which four Bishops, a Book, a Knight, and a Pawn, are standing upside-down. Boblism: 'Il n'y a que les fous qui alent la tôte à l'entere.

Bince making the statement that Andreas Bures condition of the statement of the condition of the condition of the statement.

Inco making the statement that Anderssen and Laura were coeditors of the Schaubesinay, we have noticed that their names do not appear upon the covers of the type numbers last received. It is about time that names of Morphy and Fisks should in like manner dampear from the cover of the Chass Monthly.

We helped to play a triangular game of Chem re-omity. A makes a more for White, B. a more for Sinck, C. a move for White, then A. moves for White, and so on to the end of the game. - Dr. Duncan Forber's History of Chees has just appeared in London.

possed in London.

The American Chess Colonnade is fast going to decays. The two remaining columns at the East end have just fallen. The Saturday Sominy Soyree is no more. The column of the Saturday Sominy Soyree is no more. The column of the Saturday Sominy Soyree is no more. The column of the Saturday Sominy Soyree is no more. The column of the Saturday Sominy Guestie was strong and worthy to stand forever; but the current of events carried away its foundation, and it fell. Of the sighty columns which have existed at one time of an another, less than a dosen, we believe, are left. The execution was hasty, and the fall was certain. We saw little wasons for mourning over the inglorious rules. A few structures of sandstone and granite are better than a multitude of hollow wooden pillers ruled principally to give their originations a little temporary noticely. These facutths of the columns still standing the woods with the facutting their unlanded with the facutting their unlands would be some the weaker for losing their unlands would be some the weaker for losing their unlands which support.

Hy Duar Assumance:—I understand that you have not conferred upon the Philadelphian Chess-commun-ty a substantial token of your regard.

In other words, you have ab ity for several days. In other worm, ye.

We of New York, although you honor us with your
summor only at infraquent intervals and for brief perieds, can still appreciate the vast amount of gratitods
which such an occurrence must call forth among the
which inch habitants of your town of fraternal af-

fection.

By this time, unhappily, you have doubtless returned to your home, and Philadelphia has relapsed into its enginess state of despondency.

But white your failor-townsmen were still enjoying the amwented delights of this blessed, but too about unterested of selict, you took consists to visit the New But Cheen Club and to state your confident belief that within articles, appearing of late in the Chem-column of his flareman Pann, were written by me.

Let me explicitly whisper into your comprehensive me, my dear Arranaum, that, with the exception of a biller note addressed to the present editor, no word of miles has been printed in this column since its late re-

At the mme time I cannot expect you to believe this

For I can easily understand how an epistolary inti-mery with two such artises and honest men as your linglish friends, Shauston and Duscon, would natural by lead to an utter disbellef in the existence of such a

thing as truth.

I huntilly endorse, however, the admirable sentingents of the guariteman who now conducts the column. The what he may se much as I easy his manner of wring it, and if I could only bring myself to that happy Duscentes state of mind so much admired by you, which making a man to claim unblushingty what is a sent his come, I should not have hesistated to allow you and there you infimuse (if there he such people) to the contract of the contract o

sufficientiams to be as great as your remarks in this Chan, or your still more remarkable know your mether-tengen, I bay to subscribe mys-sis as our your friend, Tan Ex-Rem

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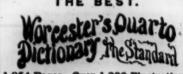
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RESERVOIPE, ELDES.

RESERVOIPE, P. brings home a Surreonceps.—Biddy tries it.—Fussy and Francisch (Francisch (Eldes)).

Reservoire (Eldes) (Eld

ASHION FOR OCTOBER.

LLOWRATION.—Riding Habit.—Part The Stay-al-Home Traveller can, in this by aid of writers and artists, visit some or in three-quantum of the globe.—Mr. A carees the great Storthwest pinks of Am of the bulkle, stretching to the "Red Et ducing him to the half-breats who are the to the start restons.—Mr. Arcsense

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#### THE BETROTHED. BY JAMES HENRY, M.D.

For all the ages man has lived and died,
Dug mines, hewed forests, sailed the ocean wide,
Planted and plowed and reaped, and bought and sold.
And prayed to heaven and gathered heaps of gold,
Never was maiden loved as thou by me,
And never youth deceived as I by thee.

No. long as tides shall flow and tempests sweep,
And billows to the shore roll from the deep,
So long as graw is green and skies are blue,
And flowers, on Summer mornings, wet with dew,
I'll hate the name of woman and believe
God made her lovely only to deceive.

Cursed hour! I well remember it; 'twas-night; We stood there in the orchard, in the light Of the full moon, thy right hand clasped in mine, In thy left hand this sprig of Jessamine; Thou on this sprig swor'st. I by the moonlight, To be each other's ever from that night.

The jessamine 's withered, the full moonlight fled, Thine oath forgotten, my love cold and dead; Here let us part; take thou thy separate way And I'll take mine; to-morrow 's a new day;

Farewell, and happy live; thy jessamine I give thee back; and should at thou e'er incline To love another, look on the dead flower And of thine oath think and that moonlight hour. Then give thine hand, thy new oath swear, and then Break thy new oath, and cry: how fickle men!

Agreed; give me the flower: Heaven, hear me swear By this once sweet flower and this noontide air, And by thyself and you bright sun above, As true and faithful as to my first Love I've ever been, I'll to my second be; so help me Heaven, I pray on bended knee

Nay, rise not yet: kind Heaven, hear me too swear By thee and by this flower, you sun, this air, Beside my first Love here on bended knee: I'll to my second Love as faithful be, As constant, true, and kind eternally, As my first, second, only Love to me.

THE SPREAD EAGLE IN ENGLAND.

Opening of the First Street Railway in Europe—In auguration of the Street Railway at Birkenhead.

Yesterday the first street railway in Europe was formally opened in Birkenhead. Our readers have been from time to time apprised of the progress of Mr. George Francis Train's street railway scheme. Incred ible exertions have been used, and on Tuesday a tria trip took place on the line with perfectly successful rethe event caused an almost total suspension of business

that a really good thing in this living age of competi-tion would have been at once adopted; but I assure you Bunyan's pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was nothing to my endeavor to introduce into the Old Jose Boryane Spormit of knowledge under differential and the process process in portion of the least force that we will not of the process housing of the New Month of the Park Month of the Section of the Park Month of the Park M World one of the greatest luxuries of the New. Men are true to their instincts, good or bad. The sacred fire burns to a greater or lesser degree in us all. When

try. During this Pilgrim's Progress I think it proper to state I have had enough good advice poured upon me to have swamped a dosen such projects; but know-ing that it was a great natural law that a man was not me to nave swamped a dosen such projects; but knowing that it was a great natural law that a man was not
a prophet in his own country, or with his own kindred, or among his own friends—firmly believing that
the good advice of one's friends is perfectly suicidal to
his success. Vendo or the friends is perfectly suicidal to
his success. Vendo or the friends is perfectly suicidal to his success—I made up my mind to accomplish what-ever I undertook, one of the most serious of my many s being the Herculean idea I had of my own abili ty. My speeches are sometimes called gas, thereby insinuating that they are both luminous and exhilarating. (Cheers) The modesty of assumption is better than the egotism of humility. (Hear, hear.) Few practice humility to their inferiors. Men are humble practice humility to their inferiors. Men are humble for two reasons—one, the fear of ridicule, which sults. The line was opened for traffic yesterday, and the event caused an almost total suspension of business in the town. Four of the elogant new onnibuses were running on the line, and were cranmed each journey with gentlemen who were invited by the patientee, and with the general public. The utmost admiration was expressed at the smoothness and easy working of the line, and the opinion was universal that the street rall-way, the latest importation from the States, was in very respect a decided success. The energetic patentee was loudly congratulated as he moved amongst the traveled on the routs. Amongst the invited quests were deputations from many of the principal corporations. In the singition, and the attendance would have been larger but for the pressure of mercatile business. These gentlemen who did attend from a distance will, we have no doubt, carry with them a perfect question of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and it was the super control of the success of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the success of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and its super control of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and the suncess of the street railway, and its signature, and the sunce of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature and suncess of the street railway, and its signature and sunce the sunce of the sunce of the suncess of the street railway, and its signature and sunce the sunce o bus broke—another horse fell on the rails—another gentleman's carriage-wheel wrenched off. Then stories of injunctions, prosecutions, mandamuses; but what of that—a regiment of bayonets, a battery of rified-cannon, would not have deterred me had street rail-

THE NEW YORK

At Battled in the March
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without an express understanding that it shall be re-ported in the newspapers. (Laughter.) When you are in Rome do as the Romans do; but Mr. Whitty seeing ourselves as others see us, is simply about Others in this case thought me mad; a member Parliament cautioned me against talking so strong, urging that he did not dare to introduce me to his friends. When the Irish committee, some dozen M. P.'s, headed by Mr. Cardwell, came to see my models I told them how I had been cramm

nest-egg to begin with. I only wished to try them?
Said one of my banking friends, Why don't you realise—sell out? Pray, what should I do with the money?
Place it in the bank! Not a mite of it! My idea of a banker is, that he should lend me money, not that I should lend him money. (Roars of laughter.) The

patiently and begin at the beginning:

"The main entrance, which face on Breadway, is a large chosy door, in the missis of Carinthan columns, lighted by Immones for the missis of Carinthan columns, lighted by Immones for the columns, and of a size which has never hitherto been imported. Bathers arriving at the great portal, we meet with a number of octangular, quadrangular, and circular pillars "[there you have variety enough, indust and gautsiemen, in all consciouse), "fluted and embellished in the most exquisite style of exciptural art, and supporting a spiendid dome, which only need the figures of caryation between the columns to remind us entirely of some of the most elegant Greak forms of architecture. As it is, the Orinthian order is beautifully preserved. The columns supporting the massive does are of acid marble, arranged in a form so beautiful and the mixture of the mattriance to the accient Fankass than to that of a New York Merchant Palace of the messed size."

The Italics are ours, of course. We have look-The Balica are ours, or course. We have so, one of everywhere for this 'massive dome,' but finding none, presume that the designation may be intended for the miserable flat pediment over the entrance downeys. However, to mistake a pediment for a dome is pardonable in an architectural critic who does not know perconsider in an architectural critic who does not know Greek from Roman—a gentleman who is reminded of 'some of the most elegant Greek forms of architecture' by a building whose columns are 'like the pillars of the entrance to the Paulseon!' When we last saw the ing in the 'Eternal City,' but we think we have heard

"The great stationary glass-cases, which are placed at equidis-last positions at either side of the building, are constructed of salid daws, or rather of a specimen of French wood, carved all pathods in the most elegant style of cabbated workmannishy, in parties fundamental daws, and ornamented with flutings and pen-lants of the most delicate designs."

their customers. When a person pays full price for a gold watch, it would never do to paim off on him one of solid gold, or rather a specimen of something perfect imitation of gold. We are told in contin

"In these cases a large and splendid variety of silver-wave is present displayed, and the wealthy purchaser who comes in his make a selection of 'household gods,' will be seriously purch as to what good thing be shall take and what he shall lave behin

. We are glad that people wanting 'household gods will now know where to go and buy them. But what we have seen is nothing to what is coming. From the onds, and silver ware, the visitor is

"Ushered over a flight of marble stairs whose rose colonnal bronze statues, into suit and story. At the foot of these stairs are see, elegantly and artistically finished. eription of the rooms into which we are lift he more than necless."

architraves are all too flat and of the same everiasting kind of patterns that we see repeated, ad nauseam, all over the city. The cornice is quite inadequate to so lofty a building; and of the most commonplace design imaginable. The flattened pediment over the door is an outrage upon all recognized forms of architectural beauty, and looks as though crushed by the ornithological nondescript upon it. What is there, either in arrangement or detail, which has not been done before, and infinitely better, a thousand times in New York: in buildings, too, not having one tithe of New York; in buildings, too, not having one tithe of the pretensions? But for being invidious, we could se-lect several buildings in Broadway presenting more ar-tistic feeling, thought, and invention, in a few square feet, than could be found in a whole block of such platitudes as the 'Diamond Palace.'

In judging the merits or demerits of a work of art, we should never lose sight of the opportunities afford-ed an artist, or the difficulties against which he may have to contend. See what an opportunity was here presented! A magnificent 'corner lot, affording advantages for artistic treatment that can never be ob-tained in a block, no matter how skilful the architect —one of the most commanding and conspicuous posi-tions on Broadway—plenty of money at disposal—lib-eral proprietors, doubtless, anxious to obtain the grand-est result for their outlay. If all these elements be fairly taken into consideration, we unhesitatingly proce this building one of the greatest archite failures which have ever been witnessed on Broadway. This opinion is reluctantly exterted from us by the unupon it in other quarters, and to pass which, in allence, appeared to us highly detrimental not only to art and artists, but to the public. This is not the time for the press to indulge in such demoralizing comments. The fine arts are only just beginning to fairly take root ng us, and the way to foster them is, not by he We protest against this way of placing real and false things upon the same footing. The curious sort of qualification above quoted may do very well in the slipshod comments of a man discussing art-matters, of

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